



WHEN the RAIN is OVER.

When the rain is over,
When the clouds have pass'd,
And the golden sunshine
Beams again at last;
And the earth is fairer,
Ev'ry fashioned flow'r
Lifts its head to answer:
"Thank you, little show'r!"
When the show'r is over,
When the rain is done,
Nature's all the sweeter,
Brighter shines the sun.

When the tears are over,
When the pain has pass'd,
And the smiles and dimples
Come again at last;
Never mind the bruises,
Laugh away the fears;
Answer like the flowers;
"Thank you, little tears!"
When the tears are over,
Smiles, come back again;
Life is all the sweeter,
For the drops of rain!
—Cassell's Little Folks.



The Rescue of Regalia.

BY KATE M. CLEARY.
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"Thou art glad when Hassan mounts the saddle,
Thou art glad he owns thee; so am I!"

—Bayard Taylor.

Reggie's contempt was ill-concealed. "You goose!" he said to his sister. "Here you're blubberin' all over Williewinkle's neck."

Miss Adelaide Carlender, still young enough to quarrel with Reggie, promptly whisked her handkerchief into her sleeve and straightened up with much dignity. She had given Williewinkle her own little black pony to Reggie the fall before when she and Clive Harland had decided they were quite unsuited to each other and that there was no earthly use in attempting to patch up this latest quarrel.

"For I never shall ride again," Adelaide had said heartbrokenly. "Never!" Now, when once more the roads were white and firm in the city boulevards, and the bouging trees on either hand spoke of the summer, and all distant lanes in emerald leaf invited to joyous freedom and bounding activity, there had come to Adelaide a queer heart-sick feeling that was almost like nostalgia—a longing for what had been—for what might never be again. Oh, the rides they'd had just a year ago—she on Williewinkle—Clive on Regalia. The dewy mornings, with the incense of earliest wayside blooms rising fragrant to greet them. Brown buds of oak and maple were swelling then. And in the city parks were the delicious signs of coming summer—those parks where already the grey-coated sparrows and the red-coated robins held glorious matins!

Now, Clive had gone abroad with his people. The fine home to the right was closed. The society journal declared the family might return in the fall. There were some hints thrown out of Clive's enthusiastic reception in English society, and of his engagement to the daughter of an English baronet. All this Adelaide learned before she had come down here with her parents to open their summer home. But it seemed to be borne in upon her



"I Never Blubber."

with fresh force when she found herself once more in the familiar stables, with her arm around Williewinkle's neck, and Williewinkle's brown nose poking into her palm for sugar.

"I never blubber," Adelaide assured her small brother with a wan smile she meant to bechilly and lofty. "And I—I think you ought to be more—more grateful—after my giving you Williewinkle."

Now Reggie was only eleven, but he

was wise in his generation. He knew Adelaide did not care a snap for Williewinkle since her surrender of him. And he too had pleasant memories of Clive's largesse the previous spring.

"Oh, that's all right," he returned magnificently. "I was only stringin' a bit. But—say! Do you know they've sent Regalia down with the other horses, and her beast of a groom



"I Saved Regalia."

is runnin' her knee-sprung and fodderin' her to beat the band?" Adelaide's crisp duck morning skirt rustled. Adelaide's pink hat of shirred liberty silk slipped back on her neck. Adelaide's two big gold-brown braids were suddenly whisked over her shoulder in the agitation of her swift sweep around.

"No! Is he though? I've a mind—a good mind to give him a talking." "Sho!" ejaculated Reggie loftily. "As though he'd mind a girl."

But that night when Adelaide had turned her pretty ringlet head a dozen times on the pillow, and finally succeeded in cantering off to the pleasant world of dreamland, it was to find that Williewinkle and Regalia were both there before her and were having a glorious gallop down a slope of sunny sward, quite ignoring the imperative cries which followed them to halt!

And suddenly she was sitting up in bed, with Reggie's voice in her ears and queer smell of smoke in her nostrils.

"I say—oh, Ade, I say the Harland stables are on fire. Don't you hear the men shouting? What did you want to bolt your door for? I thought I'd never get in. They're bringing the volunteer fire department up from town, but it will be too late—I know it will. Say! What are you doing—where are you going?"

For Adelaide had promptly plunged her head into a basin of cold water, tossed the mass of heavy wet hair back over her shoulders, secured it with a heavy bone pin, and—tumbling into the golf costume which happened to be the nearest clothing at hand—was tugging at her shoes and jerking out the laces by way of saving the trouble of securing them.

"For Regalia!" gasped Adelaide, and then she was gone.

When Reggie got back to the Harland stables never a glimpse could he catch of his daring sister. His father was there, as was his big brother, and they were half-distracted. Some one had seen Adelaide enter the burning building. She had not emerged as far as was known. And the place was doomed. For over the puny stream of water, over the blaze that lit the surrounding spaces, over the harsh and exultant crackle of the flames, rose the agonized and half human neighs and trumpetings of imprisoned

beasts. Colonel Carlender tore around like a madman. "My daughter is in there!" he screamed. "A thousand dollars to the man who brings her out!"

But the man who attempted the rescue, the man who had ridden out from the town depot where he had just left his train, at sight of the flames, and who now dropped from his horse only to rush into the burning building, was beaten back—conquered.

"She had a knife!" cried a stentorian voice.

"I seen her dip a horse-blanket in a trough and cover her head with it," howled another.

"Who was she?" shouted the newcomer, who had attempted to enter the building. "Who was she?"

A hundred voices in unison answered him: "Squire Callender's daughter!" they said.

Just then a cry of horror rent the air—the cupola had fallen with a crash. And just then, as the bystanders banded in an attempt to keep the stranger from again attempting an entrance, two muffled figures were distinguishable through the smoke. One—they seemed, for the heads of both were covered by the folds of a blanket already blazing, and down dropped as they staggered out the knife with which the halter of Regalia had been cut.

"Save him!" panted Adelaide, as she fell in her father's arms. "It's his horse—Clive's. I saved—Regalia!"

When she regained consciousness in the blue calm of the summer dawn, it was not in those same arms she awoke. For her lover was holding her as though he would never let her go, and his adoring eyes were beaming down upon her. "My brave darling!" he said. "I had just got in on the midnight train. My first thought was for Regalia. But when I knew you were there—you—No, no! You will not be disgraced at all, thank God! But, even if you were—oh, my gallant girl—oh, my best beloved!"

HOW THE FISHES BREATHE.

Water Should Be Aerated to Give Them Vitality.

The gills of a fish are situated at the back part of the sides of the head, and consist of a number of vascular membranes, which are generally in double, fringe-like rows, fixed by the base only; sometimes these are feather-like, and sometimes they are mere folds of membrane attached at each end over the gill cavities. In general there are four gills on each side, though in some fish there are more. In fishes that have bones the gills are attached to the outer edge of bony arches connected with the bone of the tongue and with the base of the skull, the connection at each end being by intervening small bones, while the cavity containing the gills on each side of the head is covered by a bony plate with two subordinate pieces. It is by the movement of these bony plates that the water is expelled which is taken in through the mouth, and which, after passing among the gills and supplying them with air, passes out by the gill opening at the back of the head. The fish is a cold-blooded animal—that is, its temperature is very slightly above that of the water in which it lives, and it therefore needs but little oxygen to keep the blood warm enough to sustain its life. This oxygen, supplied to the blood by the gills in respiration, is not obtained by decomposing the water, but by separating the air from it. It is, therefore, necessary that the water in which fish live should be supplied with air, and this is one of the direct benefits of the agitation of oceans and lakes by winds. Fishes confined in aquariums often die for this very reason—because the water is not aerated. They consume all the oxygen in the closed vessel in which they are placed, and no more being supplied, they die, and may be said to be drowned, because they perish from the same cause that occasions death by drowning in lung-breathing animals—that is, want of air.—Golden Days.

Dress Fastenings.

Buttons are being used much more than the invisible hook-and-eye that was always striving to creep into notice—of the past few years. No one special kind of button is in vogue. They are used, with due reference to the material of the dress. With figured silk, brocade or velvet a small fancy button of enamel, metal or jeweled is good. With plain silk or satin a small crocheted button is preferred. Smooth, cloth have tailor buttons of the same material, and cheviot, tweed, homespun, etc., are fastened with horn, bone or smoked pearl buttons.

Common Lilac Long Known.

The common lilac, which is known to botanists as *Syringa vulgaris*, has been in cultivation for over 300 years and its native home is said to be on the mountainous regions of Central Europe, from Piedmont to Hungary, whence it was introduced to cultivation in 1597. Botanists recognize about 12 species of lilacs, found in a wild state, and these are native from southwestern Europe through Central Asia and the Himalayas to Mongolia, Northern China, and Japan. None of the species is a native of the American continent.

The Cat.

Our friend the cat is called *katt* in Danish and Dutch, *katt* in Swedish, *chat* in French, *katt* or *katz* in German, *catus* in Latin, *gatto* in Italian, *gato* in Portuguese and Spanish, *kat* in Polish, *kots* in Russian, *keti* in Turkish, *cath* in Welsh, *kath* in Cornish, *cattus* in Basque, and *goz* or *kat* in Armenian.

NEW WOMAN IN WASHINGTON.

Wife of Sidky Bey from Turkey Popular at Capital.

The ladies of the Turkish legation have not heretofore, taken any part in the social life of the capital. Mme. Ferrouh, wife of the recently recalled Turkish minister was an orthodox Mahometan woman, and received only a few women, wives of diplomats, and no men at all. She drove out once in a while veiled to the eyes, and shrouded in a long silken coat. Her only companion was her younger sister, who, by special permission of the sultan, accompanied her to this country. Neither woman would have been allowed to leave Turkey if they had any idea of adopting American customs. Ferrouh Bey's successor, Sheikh Bey, is reputed to be a widower. At all events he is unencumbered with womankind. The second secretary, Sidky Bey, has a wife, however, and a charming one, who promises to become extremely popular in the diplomatic set. She is an Armenian, and consequently a kind of a Christian. She is tall and finely formed, with a mass of jet black hair and fine dark eyes. Mme. Sidky, as she is called, was educated in the Soutari college in Constantinople, and is a highly accomplished woman, speaking five languages and conversing extremely well in all of them. Her English is altogether perfect. Mme. Sidky is also a fine singer, her voice having been carefully cultivated in Italy, where she lived for several years. Mme. Sidky is delighted with the freedom of American society, and takes a naive delight in each new custom with which she becomes familiar. Her latest fad is the bicycle, and as she is probably the first woman of her nationality who has ever mounted a wheel, her daily appearance in the park is watched for with considerable interest. She is a graceful rider, and wears most distracting bicycling gowns.—Chicago Tribune.

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